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MEMOIR

OF

SAMUEL G. DRAKE.

Sam.l G. Drake Esq.

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By a few friends of the Author

Engraved by J. B. Forrest

A

MEMOIR

OF

SAMUEL G. DRAKE, A. M.,

AUTHOR OF THE BOOK OF THE INDIANS,
HISTORY OF BOSTON, ETC., ETC.

BY JOHN H. SHEPPARD,

LIBRARIAN OF THE N. E. HISTORIC-GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY.

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1863.

Few realize the Antiquary's worth:
He pioneers the march of History;
Exhumes the relics of long buried lore;
Gathers up scrips and saws; lost pedigrees
Found by the blazon of armorial shield;
Black lettered parchments; coins, books odd and quaint;
Wills, deeds and ballads; — waifs of olden time
Dearer than oracles from Delphi's steep
Or Sibylline leaves, rescued from sport of winds;
And as the Explorer of Diluvian rocks
Unveils events in distant ages passed,
So he his deep foundation lays on fact.
For, like the signal on a mountain top
Fact points the way alone which leads to Truth:
Thence the Historian draws his rich supplies
And pictures scenes of life, that live forever.

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TO THE REV. WM. JENKS, D. D., LL. D.

Dear Sir: Knowing the early and continued interest you have taken in our Historic-Genealogical Society, of which you are an Honorary Member, and in the antiquarian researches and writings of Samuel G. Drake, Esq., it seemed proper and a testimony of respect to dedicate to you this Memoir. And I avail myself of this opportunity with more pleasure, from the reflection that a long life, blessed with much happiness to yourself in doing good to others, has been in a great degree amidst the pursuits of sacred theology and the ministerial and pastoral cares of many years, devoted not only to the acquisition of numerous languages, but to elegant literature and archæology. While the studies of the Greek and Roman Classics may have been too much neglected by men of academical education in this age of busy Commerce and aspiring Politics, you have taught us their intrinsic value and exemplified in your honored length of days the truth of those beautiful remarks of the Great Orator, when pleading for Archias before a Roman audience:

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"*Hæc studia adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium ac solatium præbent, delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur.*"

If the opinion of some of the wisest philosophers be true, that in a purer and happier world there will be a reminiscence of all our intellectual acquirements, your joy and reward must be great in so many treasures laid up in Heaven. But, that you may yet be long with us and "*serus in cœlum redeas,*" is the sincere wish of your many friends; among whom I have the honor to subscribe myself with the highest respect.

Your most obedient humble servant,

JOHN H. SHEPPARD.

PREFACE.

This Memoir was written at the request of the Editor of the *New England Historical and Genealogical Register*, for the quarterly of July, 1863, and with the cordial approbation of several members of our Society. The subject of it, Mr. Drake, was one of the five original founders of the institution, and has ever been a warm and energetic promoter of its success. He was the first Corresponding Secretary, and held the office twelve years. In 1858 he was chosen President, and fulfilled the duties of that station acceptably, until his departure for Europe in the fall.

Some eminent writer has remarked that the life of an Author is so uniform and monotonous, that it offers few events to make his biography interesting, as though the eloquence of the forum or the thunder of the battle-field were necessary to rouse the attention by a kind of dramatic excitement. True it is we feel the influence and we honor the lofty rank and commanding position of such men; but there is also a gentle and noiseless charm in meditating on a faithful transcript of

what passes in the inner life, the intellectual world, of a student; the effect upon us is pleasing and profitable. His incessant effort of industry—his gradual accumulation of knowledge—still, self-denying manner of life—moral courage in surmounting difficulties—and victorious struggle with adversity can not fail to interest every lover of excellence; and to the young such biography is full of instruction.

Mr. Drake has been a most indefatigable and persevering student in the early history of our own country, and especially in the investigation of the habits and customs of the Indian tribes. A devotion of more than forty years to antiquarian researches has gained him an honorable and reliable character as an Author; and the following brief and imperfect Memoir is but a just tribute to merit.

MEMOIR.

"Bayle's dictionary is a very useful work for those who love the biographical part of literature, which is what I love most."—*Boswell's Life of Dr. Samuel Johnson, vol.* I, *p.* 375, *Malone's edition.*

Such was the opinion of that great and good man, whose life, by Boswell, is one of those inimitable biographies which will be read while our language endures; for it is a fixture in the mind of every lover of the English classics.

There are some who call in question the wisdom and propriety of writing memoirs of the living, as though it were a sacred duty we owe to truth and good taste to defer the history of a meritorious character until the grave has closed over him forever. But, is not a judgment of this kind too stringent and fastidious? For if a man, in "passing through nature to eternity," has done his country some good, whether in peace or war — if by his inventions or discoveries he has opened a new path of usefulness or enjoyment to our race — if he has exalted either of the learned professions by his talents and erudition — if, by his morning toil or midnight lucubrations, he has added, like Irving or Longfellow, a fresh charm to the elegancies of

literature — or indeed, if one of our own citizens, like those honored antiquaries, Camden and Stowe, has rescued from the ruins of time, striking reminiscences and important facts in the early history of his country, why wait till he is dead to take a photograph of his life and pursuits? Then it may be too late to do justice to his memory, for it should be recollected that the most interesting events of private life are often buried with the dead. It is from such delay that the biography of departed worth is often so meagre and dull, dealing in generalities, full of abstractions, and though written according to the strictest rules of rhetoric, yet, from lack of ideas, failing to charm or edify the reader. Boswell wrote nearly all Dr. Johnson's Life, while the sage was living, though he published it after his death. So true it is that biography draws its best pictures from the living.

Influenced by a regard to merit, the writer of this memoir has endeavored to trace a few outlines in the life of one who has written several valuable books, and is deservedly esteemed one of the first, if not the first ANTIQUARY in this country—a man who, with only a common school education, by his talents and untiring industry, and commencing his labors without the patronage of the rich, or the smile of encouragement from the great, has done more than almost any writer to perpetuate facts on which the early history and genealogy of New England depend.

Samuel Gardner Drake was born in Pittsfield, N. H., on the 11th of October, 1798. His father, Simeon Drake, lived there on land which he had cleared up and cultivated as a farm; it lay on the bank of the Suncook, a river which runs through the town, and supplies a fine water power to several mills erected in the midst of this flourishing village. Pittsfield is in the northeast corner of Merri-

mack county, fifteen miles from Concord. Mineral ores have been found there, and on its highest elevation lies Catamount Mountain, so called from a catamount having been killed there; on the summit of which is a deep pond, some half a mile long, where in spring and autumn abundance of game rest from their migratory flights. The father of Samuel had four brothers, all farmers, three of whom settled in Pittsfield; they belonged to that granite class of New Hampshire's sons, noted for great energy, and self-relying industry.

His first paternal ancestor in New England was Robert Drake, who emigrated from England about the year 1642, settled in Exeter, N. H., where, having brought out with him a quantity of goods, chiefly woolen, he opened a store. His family was two sons and a daughter, one of whom, Nathaniel, was his clerk; and there is a strong probability that this young man, having afterwards left this part of the country and gone south, became the founder of the New Jersey family of Drakes, of which was the late Benjamin Drake, Esq., editor of a literary newspaper, and Daniel Drake, M. D., his elder brother, a distinguished physician, and professor in the medical college, who published several elaborate works. These brothers belonged to Cincinnati. It appears from a correspondence which the subject of this memoir had with Dr. Drake, in his lifetime, that it was his opinion that Robert Drake, of Exeter, was very probably their ancestor. The other son of Robert, Abraham, lived on the paternal estate, and from him the New Hampshire race descended.

It may be stated with some assurance, for the evidence, on examination, has great weight, that Robert Drake came from Merstham, county of Surrey, England, a considerable village, three and a half miles north-easterly of Reigate, and that he was the fourth son of

Henry Drake of Reigate, by Mary, daughter of Richard Lea, Esq., of Maidstone, county of Kent. Henry was a descendant of the Devonshire family, whose seat was at Ashe. His ancestry may be traced to a remote period by the *Heralds' Visitations*. A monument to his memory is still to be seen in the church at Reigate, on which his death is recorded, as of December 31, 1609.

Robert Drake of Exeter, died in 1668, aged 88, according to the church records of Hampton, N. H., his last residence ; of course he must have been born in 1580. About 1650 he purchased an estate in Hampton, of Francis Peabody, and removed there. Judging from his will and inventory, he must have left a valuable property for those times. His oldest son, Abraham, was the devisee of the place since known as Drake Side, in Hampton ; he was a prominent citizen, Marshal of the county then called Norfolk, and did military service in Philip's war. The homestead has descended in the name of Abraham Drake, for nearly two hundred years, and is, to this day, in the family.

Abraham, the son of Robert had several children, one of whom Abraham, who inherited the estate of Drake Side, by his wife Sarah, daughter of Maurice Hobbs, among other offspring had a son Abraham, who married Theodate, daughter of Samuel Roby, Esq. This son was the father of Simon, and great grandfather of our Mr. Drake; Theodate (Roby) Drake, his great grandmother, was granddaughter of Christopher Hussey, by Theodate daughter of Rev. Stephen Bachiler, and thus the name of Theodate came into this lineage of the Drake family, and is retained to this day.

Simon Drake, his grandfather, settled in Epping, N. H., when that place was the remote boundary of civilization in that state. This

border town was exposed to constant attacks from the Indians who lurked in the neighboring woods, and who had already killed and captured several inhabitants within three miles of his house. His farm was beautifully situated on the old road leading to the centre of Nottingham Square; and now is the property of a grandson of Simon by the name of Plummer. On this spot, June 15th, 1764, Simeon the father of Mr. Drake was born, who died in Concord, N. H., January 1, 1834, in his 70th year, and there lies buried in the North cemetery by the side of his wife whose death transpired Aug. 9th, 1837, aged 69.

The mother of Mr. Drake was also of a Hampton family. Her paternal ancestor was Robert Tucke, who emigrated to New England from Gorlston near Yarmouth, county of Suffolk, and was one of the first settlers of Watertown, Mass., which he left about 1638 and took up his abode in Hampton. Among her emigrant ancestors were the Adamses of Braintree, Baxters, Blisses, Checkleys, Doles of Newbury, Fords, Gerrishes, Gibbons, Hutchinses, Hutchinsons, Jones, Kirklands, Paddys, Parsonses, Philbrooks, Rolfes, Sherburnes, Strongs, Tompsons and Wheelwrights; so strangely do the divers threads of consanguinity often become interwoven after two hundred years in the great network of genealogy. The Rev. John Tucke of Epsom, N. H., was the father of Love Muchmore, the mother of Mr. Drake. Mr. Tucke was a graduate of Harvard University, 1758, as was also his father the Rev. John Tucke, who took his degree in 1723, settled at Gosport, and died in 1773. In Allen's *Biog. Dict.*, he is described as a faithful and learned minister. The son, served as a chaplain in the revolutionary army, and died at the early age of 37, leaving a young family with slender means for support. The

subject of this memoir, derived his name Samuel Gardner from Samuel J. Tucke his mother's eldest brother, and his wife, whose maiden name was Gardner.

In 1805, his father, who had not a robust constitution and found the labor of farming too severe, sold his homestead in Pittsfield and purchased a trading stand in the adjacent town of Northwood at a place called the Narrows, where he opened a store. This town was noted for the beauty and variety of numerous sheets of water, making not less than ten ponds, abounding with fine fish. On their banks and in the woods adjoining, Samuel was fond of wandering; and being of a slender and delicate habit of body, he was much indulged by his parents; and in truth he was more fond of play than of books. He says "he was ten years old before he could believe, that schools were instituted for any other purpose than to punish children." This idea, perhaps, was confirmed by seeing the sticks laid up like rods in pickle, behind the master's chair; a poor encouragement to draw the inoffensive little ones toward the Elysian Fields of literature. A great improvement has since been made and in this particular the generation now passing is wiser than the past.

There was a time in days gone by, when harshness of look and severity of discipline were deemed among the virtues in governing the infant race. The KINDERGARTEN institution had not then appeared and the schoolhouse must have seemed like that gloomy place, where

> "*Continuo auditæ voces, vagitus et ingens*
> *Infantumque animæ flentes in limine primo :*"—VIRGIL.

Cimmerian regions, where Rhadamanthus *castigatque auditque*, first castigates the offender and then hears his offence. But those days of darkness, we trust, with all the horrible doctrines of "Infant

Damnation" have gone forever. Samuel, however, escaped the rod, but long, long remembered the terrible frown which threatened it. This description is not too highly colored, when we call to mind the rigid discipline of some of the public schools of other days, in which the austere pedagogue seemed to think it was his bounden duty to whip the sin of Adam out of every child under his care.

We must acknowledge, that it is the glory of New England, that, next to her religious institutions, the early Fathers cherished the means of education. They laid the foundation deep and durable in our primary schools; a system almost unknown in Europe, by which the children of all classes of society are taught the elements of knowledge. It was a subject of legislative care and provision in the colonial days and has been so ever since. Indeed there is hardly a village so small and poor, among our hills and valleys, where the church spire and the schoolhouse rise not to view in the landscape; the one teaching usefulness on earth, the other pointing to immortality. It should, however, be observed, that in sparse settlements sixty years ago, the pupil had but three months of public schooling a year, and it has often been so since. Yet it is a fact well known, that those lads, taken from the plough and the axe, who wished to learn, made great progress in their studies in that short time; for they came to their books with a vigorous intellect, and studied with all their might, reminding us of the celebrated Divine, John Wesley, and his brothers and sisters, each of whom was taught the alphabet in one day; a feat achieved by their accomplished mother.

His aversion to school, when a little urchin, was peculiarly strong. In speaking of his boyhood at that time, Mr. Drake remarked to me, "I well remember the hour when I first saw the school-house, entered

its solemn apartment where the boys and girls were sitting at their forms and the master at his desk. He used to attend personally to each class, from the little A B C's to the large ones in geography or grammar. My first impressions of that school were anything but pleasant. Being naturally very timid, I was sadly frightened at the stern look of the master. To learn my lessons seemed a desperate undertaking, and it was a long time before I could believe and feel I was not in danger of being annihilated."

His older brother, John Tucke, of an athletic and hardy frame took to his books and made great progress in his studies; he was an excellent scholar and eventually Samuel profited by following his example. The school he attended was inferior to the one in Pittsfield, and these brothers often waded two miles through the deep half trodden snow to another district, for the benefit of better instruction. Thus passed some years in which they were employed on the farm in summer and went to school in winter. John was four years older, and being on a visit to his uncle Samuel J. Tucke of Boston, an importer of paints and oils, he was engaged by him as clerk in his store, and in the autumn of 1816, young Samuel joined his brother as under-clerk. Soon after his uncle removed to Baltimore, and these lads accompanied him. But, the prospects before long were discouraging; he closed up his business; and Samuel, at the end of six months, returned to New England. John remained there somewhat longer, and afterwards settled in Cincinnati, became a man of extensive business, and was highly respected. He died of consumption in New Orleans in 1830, where he had gone for his health.

Samuel became acquainted in Baltimore with a French family and availed himself of the opportunity in gaining a considerable know-

ledge of the French language He had become anxious for improvement, and devoted all his leisure moments to study. Being fond of mathematics, he acquired a pretty general knowledge of surveying, and by the aid of Dr. Hutton's *Course of Mathematics* he made no small proficiency; afterwards when a school teacher, he was often seen with some of his pupils, busy in the field teaching them the use of the chain and theodolite.

Samuel returned to his father from Baltimore. At this time John Kelly, Esq., who rose to some distinction afterwards, was an attorney at law at Northwood; he had received a collegiate education at Dartmouth, 1804, and with him Samuel pursued his studies in various branches, for several months, as it seemed a pleasure to this fine young man to review his old exercises and impart instruction to another. The Hon. John Kelly died much lamented at Exeter, where he lived, in November, 1860, aged 74.

In 1818, being now 19 years of age, Samuel was offered the charge of a school in Loudon, N. H., at $8 per month; but it was of a short duration, because, the funds were exhausted. Young as he was, however, he was told that he gave general satisfaction, and in the opinion of many, was booked for a schoolmaster. Though in some respects this occupation was not congenial to his taste and ambition, yet he resolved to follow it, until something better should offer, because it secured him for the time an honorable support, and an opportunity for improvement.

He was engaged in this employment five years in different parts of the country. In 1819 and 1820, he taught school in New Jersey, and the last year had the care of the academy in Columbia, about four miles from Morristown, where he resided chiefly in the family of Mr.

Ward, whose son, Stephen D. Ward, a recent graduate of Princeton, was a good classical scholar, and under his tuition he renewed his study of Latin. The mother of this young man was a sister of the late Rev. Stephen Dodd of East Haven. And let me here remark, that this fondness for the company of intelligent and learned men, and great desire to get knowledge wherever it could be obtained, marked the boyhood of Mr. Drake, predominated in his riper years and has always distinguished his path of life.

Ill health, however, compelled him to leave New Jersey, and return home, where, in 1820–21, he studied medicine with the late Dr. Thomas Shannon of Pittsfield, N. H., and in the meantime took charge of a few scholars whom he instructed in the common branches of learning. He was again urged to become a teacher, and was engaged as such in some of the public schools, until the spring of 1824, when tired of the business, he determined to relinquish it. For some time his attention had been drawn to the bookselling line, though practically he had no experience in that kind of trade. He was somewhat induced to seek this employment from his love of antiquarian researches, and, from an acquaintance with John Farmer and Jacob B. Moore, eminent antiquaries; one the author of Farmer's *Gen. Register*, when secretary of the N. H. Hist. Society, and both editors of the *N. H. Hist. Collections*. Their conversation fostered such a taste, and their friendship was dear to him during their lives.

But to commence as a bookseller, without acquaintance with that kind of business, and without capital, for he had not been able to lay up much of his earnings, was an arduous and desperate undertaking; at least it would have been so to most persons, but to a young man, who, when he had made up his mind to do a thing, was resolved

that it must be done, so far as it was in his power, the prospect was different. Mr. Drake knew what it was for a man to rely upon himself, husband his resources and persevere to the end; lessons learnt by youth among the Green Mountains of Vermont and Granite Hills of New Hampshire.

In the summer of 1824, he travelled through that part of Massachusetts called the Old Colony, Rhode Island, Connecticut and a section of New York. In his tour he was enabled to gratify his antiquarian taste; having found on his way a copy of Church's *Entertaining History of King Philip's War*, a scarce book which he had never before seen. It was of the edition of 1772, the latest then printed. From the pleasure it gave him, he was convinced it would bear a new edition, issued proposals and by the help of a younger brother succeeded in obtaining near a thousand subscribers, chiefly residing in the Old Colony, who had heard of and wished to read the exploits of Capt. Church. In three months the work was published and sold, yielding a net profit between $400 and $500. This accompanied with his own preface and appendix was his first offering as an editor.

In the meantime his father, whose health had long since begun to fail, became incapable of hard labor, and was reduced in his circumstances; and Mr. Drake, though his own resources were small and his prospects uncertain, with that filial affection which is the duty of every son, but not always cherished by children estranged from a parents' home, purchased a small farm for him in the northern part of Northwood and provided for his comfort.

He published in 1827 an improved edition of Church's *History* which was elaborately edited and stereotyped, being one of the first fruits

of the stereotype press in Boston. The sale was slow, and it was less profitable than the other. The following year he embarked in the book auction business, which continued to 1830, when it proved a failure, in some measure from his want of experience, but more from the faithlessness of one who unfortunately was in the concern.

At last incited by love of hunting after literary game among old books and neglected MSS. he determined to open an Antiquarian Book store, as an experiment, and hired a place, No. 63, in Cornhill. He began July 10, 1830. It was the first store of the kind in the United States, which was devoted almost exclusively to Antiquarian literature, and bore that title. Any one who looks back 30 years ago to Cornhill, formerly Market street, for the name was changed in 1828, may think that our antiquary made a poor choice for a book stand in this lonely forsaken street; for there were but two or three occupied stores from Court street to Franklin avenue on one side; and on the other, though the handsome circular stores on the curving sidewalk might attract the eye, yet their rents had diminished from $700 to $200 a year. At one time Cornhill, though a wide and pretty street, having Hogarth's curve of beauty, seemed deserted as though out of the way of business. Such is the caprice, fashion, or "Boston notion," about localities for trade—changeable as the Chameleon or Aspen leaf.

This locality was selected for the novel experiment, on account of the cheapness of the rent, his faith in its eventual success, and an opinion that heavy expenditures were not necessary. It turned out well. The Antiquarian Bookstore was an institution. It was frequented by many visitors from the city and neighboring towns, searching for

choice books "out of print;" it attracted people from remote places, men fond of research in the pigeon holes of antiquity, and who liked to look into the learned writings of by-gone ages. Few establishments of the kind have been more extensively known and patronized. In about a year he removed to the opposite side of Cornhill, where the rent was still less and the store larger. In this place he continued in the same pursuit twenty-two years, until the old stores, of which his was one, were taken down, and the lofty Sears' Block erected on the site. During this long period, by his industry and economy he maintained a large family, but he laid up no wealth; nor did that seem an object to one so fond of ancient books and reading. He had his trials and his misfortunes, and bore up under them like a philosopher and a christian; but as they concern not the public, and every man's house is his castle, let the door be closed, where as Lord Chatham once said in Parliament, even "the king can not, the king dare not enter;" much more, curiosity, the born sister of mischief, has no right there.

Mr. Drake was early impressed with the value that a series of the school books which had been used in this country from its settlement would possess in illustrating the history of American education, and began a collection which his subsequent business furnished excellent opportunities for enlarging, and which twenty years ago amounted to about 400 volumes, including all or nearly all that had been published here. About 1843, an agent of the British Museum, seeing the value of the collection, bought up the whole of it to take to England. It had previously been offered at a much lower rate to a learned institution at home, but such matters not being appreciated then as they are now, it was refused.

In 1832 he published a 12mo. volume, 348 pp., entitled *Indian Biography*, "containing the lives of more than two hundred Indian chiefs." It met with a fair sale, and the edition of 1000 copies was soon exhausted. Written in some haste in the midst of business, the book may have disappointed that class of readers who look more to the outward drapery of the style, than to the important and well authenticated facts contained in the work. This biography of Indian life is valuable for the matter it embraces. By permission of his kind friend, the Rev. William Jenks, D. D., one of our greatest antiquaries, linguists and classic scholars, Mr. Drake dedicated it to him. He continued his labors in the same Aboriginal field, and the following year issued the work in 8vo. form, and enlarged it with three times the amount of matter, and called it *The Book of the Indians*. The title was fortunate; in the hands of a skillful publisher, or influential member of the "trade," it would have secured a small fortune to the author. It was stereotyped—a lucky circumstance, as several editions were called for, even to the eleventh, in 1851. Since then, it has been "farmed out," and his interest therein has ceased.

The *Book of the Indians*, although Mr. Drake thinks it falls short in many particulars of what he intended to make it, is yet an extensive collection of the lives, customs and events, which the peculiar character of the Aborigines of this country exhibited, and is everywhere referred to as a standard authority. The materials were gathered with very great labor and research. The high estimation in which it was held by some of our learned men, may be judged of by the following letter from Bishop Potter, received after the *eighth* edition was published:

"Union College, July 28, 1843.

"Samuel G. Drake, Esq.:

"Dear Sir—It gives me pleasure to inform you that the Trustees of Union College, in consideration of your laborious researches into the Aboriginal history of the country, resolved at the late Commencement of the Institution to confer on you the Honorary Degree of Master of Arts. ALONZO POTTER."

The diploma soon followed; and seldom has this degree been given to a more deserving man.

In 1836 he issued the *Old Indian Chronicle.* This was a collection of tracts, published in the time of King Philip's war, and written chiefly in Boston to parties in England. He added a preface and notes, and appended a pretty extended chronology of events in Indian history, in form, 18mo.; as only a small edition was published, copies have since become scarce. Three years later he published the *Indian Captivities*, a 12mo. of 360 pages. It was made up of narratives of persons who had been captured by the Indians. Many of these are among the rarest tracts in American history. The work was edited by Mr. Drake, and had an extensive sale.

In 1840 he received an invitation from Copenhagen to become a member of the Society of Northern Antiquaries: he accepted it and a diploma of membership was sent him. Previously he had been made a member of several historical societies, an honor he never sought, but always highly appreciated.

In the formation of the New England Historic-Genealogical Society in 1845—an account of which may be found in the *Register*, vols. IX and XVI—he took an active and prominent part, as one of the five originators. He was the first corresponding secretary, and

held that office by annual election twelve years. In 1858 he was chosen president, and in January 20 of same year made an interesting address to the members. This, with that of Rev. William Jenks, D. D., William Whiting, Esq., in 1853, and Dr. Winslow Lewis, our president, in 1862, have all been published. These will give the reader much information touching the object, progress and success of this institution.

Connected with the society and almost coeval with its establishment, was the issuing of a periodical — the *N. E. Historical and Genealogical Register.* It was commenced January, 1847, a quarterly, and has now reached sixteen complete volumes, and is still patronized, but in a much less degree than a work of so much labor and cost deserves. The prospectus for the *Register* was issued in 1845, and in December of that year, Mr. Drake "made a pilgrimage to Plymouth," in hope to procure patrons at the celebration of the Landing, but he met with small success. Yet he persevered, and by the encouragement of Charles Ewer, the first president of the society, he was induced the next year to make a trial, took all the risk, and paid a heavy salary to an editor. This he thought a serious "mistake," as the friends, who evinced a warm interest in the success of the periodical, were too few to prevent a loss. The year after he assumed the charge alone, as editor and publisher, and since that time has principally conducted this quarterly, to the end of volume xv; since which it has been published by Mr. Munsell of Albany, and, excepting three numbers, has been edited by Mr. Dean. It has never been a "paying work." In retiring from the charge of the *Register*, Mr. Drake, in his preface to vol. xv, remarks: "For the greater part of fifteen years, in which the work has been in progress,

I have been editor and publisher, and I should, in duty to myself, state, that the patronage it received, has never allowed me to bestow that labor upon its editorial department which I should have bestowed under a more prosperous state of its finances. During my residence in Europe, it was under the editorial charge of Mr. John Ward Dean, and Mr. William B. Trask, and though never more ably conducted, yet there was a wane in its circulation, which has continued to the present time."

The writer of this article has already spoken of the *Register*, "as a reservoir of facts * * * * a copious fountain from which some works on pedigree have drawn a rich supply of materials;" see vol. xvi, p. 209; he can only add, that it deserves the generous support of every member of our society, instead of struggling with difficulties. This ought not so to be.

Since his first embarkation in the sale of books, Mr. Drake remarks "he was careful to preserve for future use, a copy of all pamphlets, and ephemeral productions of past times, and relating to Boston." Although he had then made no proposal to publish a history of this city, yet the subject for a long time had engaged his attention, and might occupy his pen hereafter, as in 1852 he had collected pamphlets, which, neatly arranged in covers and labeled, exceeded a hundred volumes. In the midst of business and the conduct of the before named periodical, he then commenced putting together his materials for a *History of Boston*, which he completed as far down as 1770; it was published in numbers, making a handsome royal 8vo. volume of 840 pages. An account of the progress and completion may be seen in the preface to it. It was upwards of three years in passing

through the press; the first number issued Sept. 1, 1852, the last April 2, 1856.

In speaking of this elaborate work, Lucius M. Sargent, Esq., a fine classic scholar, and eminently known as a powerful writer, remarks of Mr. Drake, under the signature of Sigma: "He has gathered together, and embodied in this volume a prodigious amount of curious and interesting matter, bearing more or less directly upon the history and antiquities of Boston, and upon the discovery and settlement of New England." See Whitmore's *Handbook of American Genealogy*, pp. 208,9. Mr. Sargent has often expressed a great anxiety that Mr. Drake would complete this history, by bringing it down to a much later period, in another volume; emphatically adding that "no person can do it so well." The Rev. Dr. Jenks and other learned friends of the author, have spoken in a similar manner of the *History of Boston*, and wished that it might be continued nearer to our own time. The writings of Mr. Drake are handsomely noticed in Sears's *National Quarterly Review*, Dec. 1862, and also in the *North American Review*, vol. LXIII, p. 551.

Mr. Drake had contemplated writing a history of New England previous to his beginning that of Boston, having made large collections of documents for that purpose, probably more extensive and ancient than can be found in any private library in the country. To promote this object and enlarge his materials for a work of such importance he visited Europe; and having completed his arrangements for absence from home, he left Boston in the early part of November, 1858, in the British steamer Europa. The voyage lasted 15 days, and was exceedingly tempestuous. Arriving at Liverpool

he made but a short stay there, and pushed on to London, which he reached on the 19th of November; for his chief aim was not to visit spots and places of grandeur and celebrity, but to obtain materials for his history. He therefore avoided every temptation and allurement which might draw him away from his leading object, and consume time, to him so precious. On this account he avoided making acquaintances as much as he could, and sought no letters of introduction to celebrities abroad. Like one travelling up a steep mountain in search of a golden mine, who fixes his eye on a distant mark, and pauses not even to look back on the enchanting scenes he has passed, he hastened at once to the British Museum, and Her Majesty's State Paper Office; and between them his time was chiefly spent. Other depositaries of ancient manuscripts and books were also examined.

To facilitate this important object and be near those institutions, he selected Morley's Hotel, Charing Cross, Trafalgar Square, for his residence, in the immediate vicinity of Nelson's monument, between the jets of two splendid fountains, the equestrian statue of Charles I, the colossal images of the Napiers, &c., and not far from the Parliament House, the Horseguards and State Paper Office. Cold weather had already set in, and November 24, 1858, ice of considerable thickness was formed in St. James' Park. On the 25th he was present at a meeting of the Society of Antiquaries of London, where he was introduced to Mr. Akerman, the secretary, and other distinguished members, by his friends, Mr. Henry Stevens and Mr. Geo. Corner. This society then had 8 royal patrons, 60 honorary members, 245 compounders, and 322 annual subscribers, making 635 members, according to the secretary's list, April 23, 1858. About 40 or 50 members

and a few visitors were attending the evening Mr. Drake was there. Observations were made on some inscriptions, and interesting remarks followed, from several speakers, touching some relics, such as swords, rings, bracelets, &c., which were exhibited in glass cases. These relics were found in exhuming 50 Saxon graves near London. The society held meetings in their hall in Somerset House, a magnificent pile of stone on the site where once stood Lord Protector Cromwell's palace; only necessary furniture was used, and there was a variety of portraits on the walls. It was lighted, not by gas, but by two bright brass chandeliers, over a long table, near the head and foot of which were two smaller tables, placed at right angles, lighted by four brilliant astral lamps. Books and donations recently given, lay on the long table, that their worth might be inspected. The president sat in a decorated chair, on a kind of dais above the small table; and on the other small one was spread out a lunch — the English never lose sight of this important matter. The lunch was cakes and crackers, tea and coffee, taken *in transitu*, without ceremony, as the Jews ate the passover. Large cards, placards of dues against members in arrears, were posted on the walls — a strong kind of hint to similar societies. They vote as we do. One of the patrons of the society was Prince Albert, a warm friend of our suffering country, whose character and death Tennyson has depicted in his touching and beautiful Threnody. He speaks of him as

> "Wearing the white flower of a blameless life."

And of his death,

> "The shadow of his loss moved like eclipse,
> Darkening the world."

Could the great heart of our Union, now struggling with the anguish of a rebellion, only be seen in England as it really is, what sympathy they would discover, for the unutterable sorrows of his illustrious surviving consort, the mourning Queen Victoria.

Among many other places, he visited Dover, so celebrated for its castle which is a great object of attraction. The fortress is very strong; vast sums had been expended in the fortifications. A garrison of 1500 soldiers was there. The town of Dover contains 25,000 inhabitants; it is very neat and remarkably quiet. The place is inexpugnable by sea. Dover was anciently a Roman station named Dubris, and being nearer to France than any other on the English coast, was called the key of the kingdom. In the vicinity are the ruins of an old Preceptory of the Knights Templars. Shakspeare's Cliff, so called—beneath which there is now a rail road tunnel a mile long—is 400 feet above the level of the sea, and from the summit the coast of France may be seen in a clear atmosphere. On the brink of the cliff Mr. Drake stood and looked towards France—perhaps on the very spot, so wonderfully pictured in King Lear, and undoubtedly familiar to him. For the dramatic works of this great poet of nature are hardly more known and admired in England than in America, where Shakspeare is so much read in all classes of society, that we claim him as our own ancestral poet.

The journies which he took to other renowned localities would form a narrative of great interest, but would occupy too much room in a brief memoir; such as a visit to Oxford, Bath, Bristol, Exeter, Plymouth and other places, interesting to the eye of the antiquary. He also visited France.

In August, 1859, he was in Paris, and was present at the splen-

did spectacle when the return of the army from Italy was celebrated. It was a magnificent sight. Paris was full of troops. All the government officers in their brilliant military dresses, all the gens d'armes with sword and cocked hats. He was much charmed with France, so different from what he expected, and he thought Paris greatly surpassed London. He visited the Royal Academy, the Mazarine, Louvre, Tuilleries, Versailles, Luxembourg, St. Cloud, and also Pére la Chase, a cemetery of over 200 acres, full of costly tombs and superb monuments. He saw the graves of only two or three Englishmen, one was a Jekyl, connected with those of that name who were once of Boston, Massachusetts. He made a journey also to Rouen and many other places, but our limits will not admit even of their enumeration.

He returned to England in the autumn and resumed his researches in the British Archives until the spring of 1860, when early in May, having been absent one year and a half, he thought of returning. He improved one day in making an excursion to the Tower of London. There he gazed on the solid walls—blocks on which many heads had been cut off — strange armor and implements of death — singular costume of the warders — and cells for the prisoners; he crowded into the cell where Sir Walter Raleigh was immured for 15 years, until taken out to be beheaded, October 28, 1618, most unjustly. He saw the lonely apartment where this illustrious prisoner wrote his *History of the World.* He looked into those loopholes of the prison from which the beautiful Jane Grey saw her husband in the yard below expire under the axe, and afterwards fell a victim by the same fate.

When he left home he fixed on no definite time of absence. He

had now completed the task he prescribed for himself, and made his visits, including a trip to Ireland. But it was among books of olden time that his soul revelled. At Her Majesty's State Paper office he found the gentlemen in charge extremely obliging. Those with whom he had the greatest intercourse were Mr. Lechmere, Mr. Lemon and Mr. Sainsbury. Mr. Lemon had been connected with the office above thirty years. Mr. Sainsbury had the charge of all the colonial papers in the State Paper office, and he performed the vast labor of separating all those from the other papers, arranging them chronologically, and making a calendar of them. One can not but contemplate the immense amount of British State Papers with mingled surprise and admiration that they have been preserved for so many ages.

The Rolls office is in Chancery lane. This is of great extent. "I was admitted there," he writes, "by Sir Francis Palgrave, deputy keeper. Sir John Romily is the Master. Mr. Joseph Hunter, well known for his Pilgrim researches, I became acquainted with, but his age and infirmities prevented his officiating in his office of deputy keeper of the Rolls. He has since deceased. There no student nor reader (as we are called) is allowed to use ink in making his copies. Consequently we were compelled to do all our work twice over." This rule, I believe, has since been rescinded.

Soon after his arrival, he attended a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, in Burlinghouse House, Piccadilly, an institution of great popularity, over which Sir Roderic Impey Murchison presided. There were present at least 500 members, among whom he noticed Earl Stanhope, so well known in America by his writings. But time and space forbid the detail of visits of this kind in a brief memoir.

In one of his letters, Mr. Drake mentions a singular custom for memorials of the dead, which he first observed in Westminster Abbey. Gravestones are laid flat on the surface of the ground, many of which were studded with brass, iron or copper pegs, half an inch high, to keep the feet of visitors from defacing the inscriptions.

Of the British Museum—he remarks in one of his letters to John W. Dean, Esq., to whom I would here acknowledge my obligation for many important facts—"The British Museum is, I will not say one of the wonders, but the wonder of the world. To have any adequate idea of it, one must visit it; volumes have been written upon it, and many more will be; yet nothing can give one a clear idea of that remarkable, well arranged establishment but a personal and patient examination of the contents." Mr. Drake devoted much time to the MS. department; over which Sir Frederic Madden presides with great ability. His urbanity to strangers was gratefully experienced by our antiquary; who also received the kindest attention from other officers and gentlemen connected with this noble institution. The facilities afforded him and all the students there deserved their warmest thanks: and he dwelt particularly on the names of Mr. N. E. S. A. Hamilton, and Mr. Sims, also in the MS. department, and Mr. Watts in the printed book department, a prodigy of knowledge. Oh, that the sweet influences of this noble Institution could allay and forever terminate those murderous feelings of hostility between our two countries, which the bitter, unholy English *Times* is incessantly trying to excite against us, more especially in this day of calamity from a civil war!

In May 1860, he took the Cunard steamer Arabia at Liverpool and had a remarkable and delightful voyage home, in a trip of only ten

days. He had improved every hour of his absence and made it tell. If we value life by the variety and rapid succession of ideas in the mind, and what would the age of Methusalah be with only one idea vegetating within us, he must have lived a length of years in his absence. While abroad he had a golden opportunity of obtaining valuable books for his library, and secured many very rare, and not to be obtained on this side of the Atlantic. Though in London there are fifteen hundred book establishments, yet he found American books, save a few of our popular and leading authors, almost unknown. His previous studies and predilection for Archæology peculiarly fitted him for the business he undertook; few buyers and sellers of books had such advantages. He brought home with him many works touching old English history and antiquities to supply his library.

On his return from England, he renewed his former business as bookseller, having purchased, while abroad, many choice and rare works; and with the sale of books he resumed the labor of his pen. For we are all the creatures of habit; and he, who has acquired a taste for reading, and has drunk deeply at the Pierian spring of knowledge cannot be idle. A new world has opened within him, and he looks forward to a perennial progress in other worlds belonging to a higher and nobler state of being.

Mr. Drake published in 1860, the *Result of some Researches among the British Archives;* in 1862, a *Brief Memoir of Sir Walter Ralegh*, and the same year an edition of the *History of King Philip's War*, by the Rev. Increase Mather, D. D., dedicated to Dr. Winslow Lewis our president; all beautiful editions. His library now contains a very large collection of antique and selected works and literary relics,

where numerous visitors, some from distant parts of the country, often call either to consult him or make a purchase.

In concluding this sketch, it may be observed that Mr. Drake has been twice married. He is fond of domestic life and enjoys one of the pleasantest of homes, where his evenings are invariably spent and he finds his chief leisure for reading and study. He appears to be of a very cheerful temperament, contented with his lot, and happy in his own thoughts. Of his brothers and sisters, only two survive; Mrs. Maria Parsons Smith, a widow, residing in Illinois, and his younger brother Mr. Josiah Drake of Cincinnati, O., merchant. He has had six children, two daughters who died in childhood and four sons: 1, Francis Samuel, born 22d Feb., 1828, who inherits his father's love of literature, and is preparing an extensive *American Biographical Dictionary*, for the press, a member of this society; 2, John Robert of Buffalo, N. Y., born 18th Feb., 1830, connected with the press of that city; 3, Samuel Adams, bookseller and stationer, of Leavenworth, Kansas, born 19th Dec., 1833, who has served as captain in the present war; and 4, George Bernard, born April 14, 1838, who joined the Union army as second lieutenant, Co. D, 12th regiment, and marched to the field under the late Col. Fletcher Webster, but was soon detailed on the staff of Gen. Abercrombie, with rank of captain, and when Gen. Hartsuff relieved Abercrombie, he retained Capt. Drake on his staff. He was with him in the battle of Cedar Mountain, where his former superior officer, Capt. N. B. Shurtleff, was killed; he was in the severe battle of South Mountain, and in the battle of Antietam, in which he was near Gen. Hartsuff, when he was wounded. Since the promotion of that brave and excellent officer to a major general, he has been appointed by him major and

chief of his staff. Capt. John S. Drake, brother-in-law of Mr. Drake, fell bravely in the last named fight. It must be a source of gratitude and consolation to the father of this affectionate younger son to see him thus spared and advancing in honors, when so many brave Bostonians, the flower of the city, and of our finest families have gone to the battle, but return no more. "*Pulchrum est pro patria mori.*"

Reader, have you ever been in the antiquary's library and seen him at his work? If not, you will thank me for these dashes of a pencil.

You first ascend a semi-vertical flight of forty stairs, like climbing up the hypothenuse of a right-angled triangle—and you find yourself in a large, six-windowed oblong—the hive of genealogy—crowded with shelves and cabinets—overflowing with antique books, pamphlets, periodicals, maps and MSS.—waiting, like learned ghosts for some patron of the arts to lead them to a more commodious and secure asylum—then turning away from the Round Table—you see a kind of sesame door, few would suspect where it leads—and then mounting up another steeper flight to another higher story—you reach the threshold of a long attic chamber lighted at either end and bearing a similitude to the cloister of some erudite monk.

For, there you will behold a solitary man—arrayed in black—small in stature—but well proportioned—of an elastic step—quick in motion—his hair touched by the cold finger of time—his face kindly, but featured by deep thought—(see his portrait)—sitting by a desk near a window—pen in hand—in winter an open stove of live coals at his right—and before, behind and around him, lie books in piles, books on shelves—MSS.—ancient documents and pamphlets from floor to ceil-

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ing all arranged in rows or neatly labeled in cases;—and there he sits—in his cushioned arm chair—philosopher like—ready to lay down pen and receive the caller one or a dozen—and with a smile of kindness and a voice which does you good—answer his questions about the past—or sell him a long sought gem of antiquity—or tell him *ubi terrarum*, he can fish for it in the vast bibliothecal sea of authors. And thus this great collector of the waifs and shipwrecks of ages—this unwearied preserver of Aboriginal facts spends the years of his life, picking up the odds and ends of time—never wasting one moment—seeking neither popularity nor applause—and never allured from his task by public show, spectacle nor novelty. Like another Prospero, not in the cell of a magic island, but in an attic chamber of the city of Boston, not with staff, but with his pen, he makes his library his kingdom, and calls up the spirits of the Puritan Fathers from the regions of the past—and they come back in a living reality and move again in the history of New England.

Reader, do you think these dashes are mere pictures of fancy? Come to our genealogical rooms and we will show you *The Book of the Indians—Indian Captivities—The History of Boston—The Result of Researches among the British Archives—The Life of Sir Walter Ralegh*—and fifteen volumes of the *N. E. Historical and Genealogical Register*, a work destined to be of increasing value a hundred years hence, much of which bears the impress of his pen—and you will say the half is not told you.

A LIST OF MR. DRAKE'S PRINCIPAL PUBLICATIONS.

1825. A reprint of Church's History of King Philip's War, with Preface and Appendix. 12°.

1827. A much improved and enlarged edition of the above work. 12°.

1830. Recollections in the History of Northwood, N. H. Printed in Vol. III, Colls. N. H. Historical Society.

1832. Indian Biography, containing the Lives of more than Two Hundred Indian Chiefs. 12°.

1833. The Book of the Indians. 8°.

1836. The Old Indian Chronicle. A collection of rare Tracts. 18°.

1836. The Book of the Indians, with large additions. 8°.

1841. The Book of the Indians, further enlarged. 8°.

1844. Indian Captivities. 12°.

1845. Genealogical Memoir of the Family of Drake in America. 12°. [Privately printed.]

1846. Tragedies of the Wilderness. [Being a new and improved edition of Indian Captivities.] 12°.

1847–61. New England Historical and Genealogical Register. 8°.

1848. Life of the Indian Chief Brant. 8°. [A pamphlet, reprinted from the Register.]

1850. News from New England, with Notes. 4°. [A Tract on Philip's War.]

1851. Memoir and Pedigree of Cotton Mather. A Pamphlet. 8°. [Prepared for the Register.]

1851. Old Dorchester. A Pamphlet. 8°. [Prepared for the Register.]

1851. Memoir of the Rev. Thomas Prince. A Pamphlet. 8°. [Prepared for the Register.]

1852. Prince's Chronology, with the above named Memoir and Corrections added. 8°.
1854. Review of Winthrop's Journal, as edited by Jas. Savage. 8°. [Prepared for the Register.]
1856. History and Antiquities of Boston. Royal 8°.
1857. History and Antiquities of Boston. Folio.
1857. An Account of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Published in the Encyclopedia Britannica.
1858. An Address before the New England Historic-Genealogical Society. 8°.
1860. Result of some Researches among the British Archives, for Information relative to the Founders of New England. 4°.
1862. Memoir of Sir Walter Ralegh. 4°.
1862. Mather's History of Philip's War, with Introduction and Notes. 4°.

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